

"You simply don't realise the danger we're now in, Jo! All because you disobeyed when I told you not to mess with the time box,"

"I'm sorry Doctor. It's just, you know, I thought that those guerrillas..."

The Doctor sighed. "That's the trouble, Jo. Even after all this time with me you *don't* think."

Jo hung her head and shuffled slightly.

"Come here, Miss Grant."

Jo looked up anxiously. She knew what it signified when the Doctor addressed her like that. "But, Doctor..." He simply remained seated, looking at her patiently. Jo reluctantly got to her feet and moved to him. She was about to make another protest, but the Doctor placed one finger to her lips and she resigned herself to what was to follow. Placing herself across the Doctor's knees she screwed her eyes closed and waited.

"I'm only doing this for your own benefit, Miss Grant." She felt the Doctor lifting the hem of her skirt. "Every time you deliberately disobey one of my instructions you are putting yourself and perhaps others in great danger."

His hand slapped her vulnerable rear hard. The thin red panties provided little protection and Jo yelped at the shock of the contact.

"I understand, Doctor - really I do..." She was cut short by the second blow, which struck the already sensitised area and sent a lightning flash of pain shooting along her nerves.

"Aah. Please, Doctor. Someone could come in. No more, please. I'll be good in future..."

The third smack set her tender behind aflame, and she squealed and squirmed. Her movements were to no avail; the Doctor's strong left hand pinned her firmly in place. He paused to adjust her skirt, which had fallen back over her panties due to her movement. "Doctor. No more. I won't again. No need..." Jo was babbling now - a stream of words and meaningless phrases that were pleas for clemency, promises of good behaviour. The Doctor was implacable, but considered that Jo's lesson had sunk home. The final three smacks were delivered with a rapid staccato, hardly giving Jo time for more than a single additional cry before the punishment was complete. She stood somewhat unsteadily, readjusting her hemline and sniffing a little.

"Now, Jo," said the Doctor quietly, "let's concentrate on getting back to our time."